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is good news'

Marriot

Then bad
news'll do

VOLUME 11, NUMBER 1

UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA

THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1971



SUMMER SESSION FILM SERIES

SUNDAY JULY 11

THOMAS CROWN AFFAIR
(Steve McQueen, Fay Dunaway)

Elliot 168

SUNDAY JULY 18

**THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING,
THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING**

(Alan Arkin)

Mac 144

SUNDAY, JULY 25

IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT

(Rod Steiger, Sidney Poitier)

Mac 144

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Let it bleed

A Red Cross Blood Donor's clinic will be held in the SUB upper-lounge Wednesday, July 21st.

Donations can be made from 9:30 to 12:00 in the morning, and 1:15 to 3:30 in the afternoon.

A Red Cross spokesman said that there's always a great demand for blood, and stressed that the need is especially urgent during the summer months.

Clark quits

The manager of the Student Union Building, Bryan Clark, handed in his resignation, Monday.

Clark said he will be moving to Toronto to work for the marketing division of the Toronto Airport.

He said that he felt that he would have a better chance of advancement and would be out of what he called 'play politics'. When asked how the vacancy would be filled, he replied, "that's up to Ian (the A.M.S. president and his henchmen to decide."

Chemist gets grant

A UVic chemist has been awarded more than \$7,000 in a recent grant from the Research Corporation located in New York.

Dr. Graham Branton, of the Department of Chemistry, will receive \$7,425 for "Investigation of Threshold Fragmentation of Electron Impact."

In a letter announcing the awarding of the grant, Dr. S. C. Smith, Vice-President (Grants) for the Research Corporation stated that "The

grant is a contribution to the academic and scientific program of the University of Victoria; Research Corporation disclaims any proprietary rights in the findings."

Smith further asserted that "Since research by its very nature is unpredictable and requires adaptations in order to exploit promising leads, Branton should "... feel free to make changes in the emphasis or direction of the work as it progresses".

Head of the Department of Chemistry, Dr. Stephen Ryce, said when announcing the grant that a large number of American and Canadian universities apply to the Research Corporation for grants each year. The fact that this grant was awarded indicates that considerable importance was given to this project by the Research Corporation in their evaluation of projects worthy of financial support, he said.

Money for library

The bulk of a \$4 million Capital Grant for 1971-72 will be consumed in an expansion programme to the McPherson Library which will take nearly two years to complete.

The project, which gets underway in December of this year, will eat \$3.4 million and will be complete in the summer of 1973.

More than 470,000 volumes, considerably in excess of the design capacity, are crowded into the present building. Consequently, stacking area has expanded into the study and reading space, "creating an immediate need for further expansion." states a press release issued from Vice-President J. T. Kyle's office.

Prof elected

A UVic professor has been elected President to the Pacific Northwest Political Science Association.

Dr. Edgar Efrat, of the political science department, is only the second Canadian to be accorded this honour in the 25 yr. history of the association.

McPHERSON LIBRARY.

WHEN. →

M-TH 8:00 - 11:00
F 8:00 - 9:00
S 9:00 - 5:00
S CLOSED.

UNIVERSITY MAP COLLECTION
CORNETT 142
M-F 8:30 - 4:30

RESERVE

M-F 8:30 - 9:00
S 9:00 - 5:00

LISTENING ROOM

M-TH 9:00 - 6:00
F 9:00 - 5:00

CURRICULUM LAB

MCLAURIN 202
M-F 8:30 - 4:30

How. →

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JUNE 30 - JULY 7

11:00 & 2:00
FROM THE INFORMATION
DESK, MAIN FOYER.

Teacher forced to resign — no reasons given

Shades of the Great Tenure Hassle

A teacher, judged to be "very satisfactory" by his peers, is refused promotion by a board, and no reasons are given.

It sounds like 'UVic and The Great Tenure Hassle' revisited, but in fact it happened at an elementary school in a small town on Vancouver Island's West coast.

Barry Friesen, 22, has just completed his first teaching year and, he says, it will probably be his last. He taught, until recently, grades one to seven in Gold River Elementary School.

In April his principal, in a report to the District Superintendent, said that Friesen had "made a good contribution to the staff with his forthright and thought-provoking ideas."

In a subsequent report, which went to the Board of School Trustees, the Superintendent described Friesen as having "good rapport with his pupils." The report further stated that Friesen's "Projects and activities are well designed and imaginatively presented," and that his students were "involved in discussions to a high degree".

"Instruction in core subjects", continued the report, "is highly individualized. Mr. Friesen is aware of particular individual difficulties and is able to aim his instruction at these problem areas."

The superintendent praised Friesen's ability to communicate with students, saying "His pleasant manner is infectious and pupil deportment has been continually improving during the year."

Despite these recommendations, however, the Board decided that Friesen must apply for a "second one year probationary appointment."

In response to that Friesen replied, in a letter to the Board, that it was his "understanding that a second one year probationary appointment is normally approved by the Department of Education for teachers who, in the opinion of the Superintendent, would benefit from the chance of a second probationary year in which to improve their teaching performance to the level deemed satisfactory by the Superintendent. That is, a second probationary year is normally offered to teachers whose teaching performance ranks in the ambiguous limbo between the distinctly acceptable and the distinctly unacceptable."

Friesen said that he had "never been informed by my principal, my superintendent, or the Board of any dissatisfaction regarding my teaching performance," and that he therefore could "only assume that my school board has criticisms of my teaching performance based on formal or informal communications to board members about which neither I nor my superiors have ever been

informed, thereby precluding the possibility of my doing anything about their criticisms, even should they be valid."

In May, Friesen tendered his resignation.

To date, the Board has not yet given Friesen any explanation for its actions, no reasons for why they felt he needed that second year. On top of that, says Friesen, the Board demoted the Principal and Vice-principal in the school, and he reports that they too have failed to get any satisfactory explanations from the Board. Subsequently, Friesen said, both have joined him in resigning from the school.

"This whole situation", said Friesen in a letter to the Martlet, "has confirmed the worst suspicions about Gold River and public schools I had had by about Christmas of this year".

Following is "a sort of progress report" Friesen wrote, for his Principal, about his own class. Friesen describes it as "a fragment of the educational reality, hopefully useful to a couple of the less stagnant teaching types at UVic."

the 'teacher role' - futile, absurd

If The Canadian Basic Skills Test is any guide, about half the kids in my class seem to have made some progress in Language Arts, while the rest have remained pretty much the same or dropped back, compared to their results on the same test in October. I think I have taught maybe two specific grammar lessons the whole year, and I guess I thought that going through all these different programs for LA would result in progress just sort of happening. As it is, I can detect little or no transfer for the most part from all the individual level stuff they do to using that in their actual reading and

writing. With the inauguration of the Third Regime, commencing March 30th, we are doing most of our LA work on a whole class basis, which I think will be just as ineffective as the former way, but which has resulted in distinct changes in classroom atmosphere. That is, I haven't been able to overcome the crux of the problem, which is their basic hostility towards reading and writing, and I feel this hostility negates the effectiveness of virtually every approach, since LA work is done only under coercion.

I keep files of LA worksheets but they, like the spelling units, are basically busy-work which also serves the purpose of allowing the kids to remain under the delusion that this is what school is all about. That is, when I make them sit down and write out spelling sentences or an exercise in quotation marks, they feel that I am "teaching" and that they are being "educated". It seems very important to these kids not to like what they're doing before they achieve a sense of accomplishment; i.e., work by definition cannot be fun. And they much prefer the security of my simply directing what more or less amounts to rote work, to my establishing open-ended work which would require them to make decisions about what to do and which attempts to encourage an awareness of how the open-ended work actually relates to the kid's needs.

They don't want to know what they are capable of and what they might do to change those capacities. They also don't want to make any decisions about what they should be doing to meet their own needs. I can best fulfill their expectations and those of their parents if I dictate what we will all do, and no one seems concerned that exer-

cise group work is pointless as far as learning anything goes, since all that this is the style which constitutes "schooling" and "education".

I have decided, with the inauguration of the Third Regime, that I am no longer willing to put myself emotionally on the line in an attempt to broaden the school-lives of the children of mill workers who have been thoroughly trained since birth to reject all broadening. I guess there are just too many years of conditioning for me personally to hope to overcome in isolation with one group of kids in the space of a year. I don't believe that there is anything other than rat-like learning which is really effective unless it is freely bought. I believe that any attempt at coercive organization in a classroom immediately negates the real effectiveness of whatever "learning" is supposed to be happening even though coercive lessons might end in everyone being happy about getting 9 10). Believing this, and with the inauguration of the Third Regime, I no longer believe I have any real effectiveness individually on these kids' lives or learning. Feeling by the end of the fall the ineffectiveness of attempting to counteract the class's concept of what school was all about, and believing that such efforts constituted was within this structure (of town, school, kids) a gesture too isolated to be effective, I have now opted out for the one positive value I have been able to achieve in these kids: namely, that they are happier and more secure (although just as narrow, hostile, and ignorant) about their identities as "students" in a "classroom" with a "teacher" who is "teaching" them.

Of course I don't believe this solves the crux of the problem, or changes the kids in any of the important ways that are supposed to constitute education. For these kids specifically, it will likely leave

the overcoming of the real problems of narrowness, hostility, and ignorance to the chance experiences of real life. Some people feel that real life is the only contest within which these more important problems can be overcome, and that a school's function is something different. My own feeling is that any "different" objective for a school is a lesser one, an that "school" is a matter of definition at best.

I think these kids' parents are probably very hostile and threatened by most things many people would consider to be highly enriching to their existence. I don't think many have escaped the narrowness of living that is automatically implied when one's work is work, an odious necessity, rather than when one's work (way of making a living) is art (a way of achieving and expressing pleasure). Teaching has changed for me in this year from an art to work, and while I personally feel as enthusiastic about the teaching art as I felt when I decided to endure a year of teacher training, I don't expect to be doing anymore teaching work after the end of this year.

I am no longer interested in feeling futile in this school, and will therefore probably play my teaching role until the end of the year (the teacher "role" is futile too of course, but it's also absurd, which makes it much more bearable if you have suicidal tendencies.)

Having defined my personal failure to accomplish anything real here, I would like to suggest what changes I think would have to come before anything real in education happens to kids like my kids. The biggest change which would accomplish real ends in the shortest time would be to make elementary schooling non-compulsory. Even in a community like this (with traditionally oriented parents and a rigid narrowness of acceptable as standards and behavior), non-compulsory public education would put the onus for motivating children to participate in education back on the parents, but I would think with little change in actual attendance at school. The motivation would still be coercive, but the parents would be doing the coercing, rather than the teachers. Parents would be required to give my kids, for example, persuasive reasons to attend school. And if the school itself was organized in a non-compulsory way (that is, the kids aren't committed to doing specific work just because they attend, but rather opportunities for different experiences are made available to them) then the parents would be obligated into examining personally what was going on in the school in order to be able to tell their child (if they are inclined towards "telling" their kid) what sorts of opportunities they expect their kid to be

Continued on page 6

Benefit backed by AMS rock fest. here July 31

A benefit rock concert to be held July 31st in the UVic gym will be co-sponsored by the A.M.S.

In the 8th meeting of the summer quorum, June 30th, a resolution to jointly sponsor the concert with an organization called Sweetgrass Press, was passed.

Press is a group of four students who have formed together to promote the concert, with hopes of raising money for a number of local organizations.

Arrangements are being made, said a representative

from Sweetgrass, to have recording artists Tom Northcott and Spring - both from Vancouver - on the bill. Spring has been described by the Georgia Straight as one of Canada's finest rock groups, and Northcott has long been recognized as one of the Northwest's top vocalists.

Local groups on the bill include Friendlyn Page, one of Victoria's hardest hitting rock bands, Morning Star, Wallbanger, and a country-funk group called Mother's Pride from Santa Barbara, California.

An effort is also being made to get the Victoria Symphony

Orchestra to appear, said Sweetgrass, but the musician's union is putting up a lot of static.

Profits from the concert will be going to Cool-Aid, who are trying to get their new hostel in shape; Native Friendship, an Indian organization which attempts to orient Indians to city living, and the Amor de Cosmos FoodCo-op will split a third of the proceeds with the garbage recycling group.

Advance tickets will be going on sale next week, and will be available at a price of \$2, at the SUB general office and several downtown locations.

"Alcatraz, Alcatraz, few as the Inc

When white people first came to California, there were an estimated 350,000 Indians living in the area.

By the early 1850's, the government went thru the motions of extinguishing the Indian's title to the land.

On November 20, 1943, Indians took over Alcatraz Island, claiming ownership by right of discovery and citing an 1868 treaty allowing the Sioux possession of unused Federal land.

In May of 1970, the federal government proposed that the Island be turned into a National Park. The next day they cut off the water supply to the Island.

On June 1, 1970, a fire broke out on Alcatraz. The cause is unknown. Indians heard a motorboat near the Island before the fire started. There was no water available to put out the fire.

On June 11, 1971, 20 federal marshalls invaded the Island and forced the inhabitants off without offering an explanation. Alcatraz is now being occupied by armed federal marshalls.

The "reclaiming" of the Island was done at the request of the U.S. Department of Transportation and the General Services Administration. The Indian people had been given no prior warning in regard to the government's intentions. They had been involved in negotiations with the government and had been guaranteed that no action against those living on the Island would be taken.

There were fifteen Native Americans on the Island at 1:45 Friday when the marshalls came. Many people who consider Alcatraz their home were off the Island doing work in the Bay Area and around the country for their people and Alcatraz.

Oobosis was among those on the Island. He is eighteen and comes from the Anzac reservation in Canada. He had been on Alcatraz for only a day when the incident happened. He gives an account of the sequence of events which occurred during his all too brief stay.

"The first thing I did when I got there, was to go out to the pier and get ocean water for the toilets and cleaning the floors. Then we tried to get the generator going to get some power and lights but we needed more battery power. One of the batteries had been traded for a better one which turned out to be no good.

"The rest of the day, we just walked around the Island. It was beautiful.

"The next morning, I got up at 11:00 and had breakfast. Then I went for a walk for about two hours. I went up to

the top of the hill by the lighthouse and I saw two white people standing by the kitchen.

"No white people are supposed to be on the island so I thought they were from the press. They were just standing there so I walked down to the courtyard.

"It was just like they were waiting for me because all of the sudden they were everywhere. They brought one of the women and little baby out of the kitchen with the shot guns. At that time they were bringing out six other people. They had us all surrounded.

"They started flashing these pictures around that they were f.b.i. and u.s. marshalls. And they said, "If you resist, we'll have to handcuff you. But if you come quietly, we won't." And then one of the brothers asked, "how can we resist against shotguns???"

"They said they heard we were heavily-armed. "Then they made us all line up while they searched everyone including the women and the little kids. Only two of us had knives and they said we weren't going to get them back.

"Then they took us down to the pier and separated the men from the women and children. I really started getting pissed off when they were taking us off the Island. We all started screaming, 'Indian Power'!!

"Another Indian brother, Rick, describes what happened to him when the pig marshalls invaded:

"First of all, I was in bed, I didn't know what was going on. I had the flu.

This guy kicked down my front door and shoved a shotgun in my face. Another busted in the back door. As soon as they found I didn't have any weapons, they took me outside. All the people had already been caught.

They were really happy that they did it. They were laughing and joking."

"The pigs terrorized the young Indian children. A little two year old kid that just started walking—they had a gun sticking at him too. And then Tommy who is 10, Timothy's 9, and Tommy's 8, and all three kids had rifles pointed at them. The father of these three kids is in Vietnam. His wife said its not right that he should be defending a country that has got rifles to the heads of his kids."

"Adria who is five says, "I was doing beadwork when they came. They threw things around because they were searching for guns." She wants to know if "the coast guard took my dollies for his daughter."

"The Indians were moved from Alcatraz to Treasure Island and then to Yerba

Buena Island, a Navy base. The government offered to house them for the night at separate quarters for the men and women. The Indians turned down the offer for they did not wish to be separated from each other and asked to be taken to the Senator Hotel in San Francisco. There they were re-united with their brothers and sisters who were not on the Island."

John Holloran lived on a reservation near Phoenix. "I had nine brothers and sisters. We grew up in a four room house. A lot of the time we didn't have nothing to eat. But, for future generations, its gonna be better because of what I'm doing.

John came to Alcatraz last August. He had been working as a gun salesman making \$175 a week. He quit the job because he wanted to "do something for my own race and I don't regret it either. They couldn't draw me away now if they wanted to."

Frank Robins was among the first Indians on Alcatraz. He was raised on an extension of the Hoopa reservation in Northern California. After the Indian takeover of Alcatraz, he relates, "All of the sudden, the Indian people were together. They've kept us separated for so long and all the sudden they blew it and they didn't know how to handle it."

Raymond Cox has been living on Alcatraz since last November. He grew up on a reservation in Montana. He has totally dedicated his life to the struggle to assure the Indian People of their rights, "that's what I have got to do."

The f.b.i. is following these three men and they are spotted in a blue sedan with a light on top. They swerve their car in front of the brothers and tell them they are under arrest. This comes as a real shock.

Frank, John and Raymond are taken to the station and the feds try to interrogate them. They will not reveal on what charges the men have been arrested unless they sign a paper to waive their rights, thus violating their "constitutional rights". The brothers refuse to sign and so it is six hours before they find they are being charged with Theft of Government Property.

Later that afternoon, the radio says that the federal marshalls have been "forced" to invade Alcatraz and to remove the Indians from their home, because, in the words of u.s. prosecutor James E. Browning, the sale of the copper cable was "the straw that broke the camel's back."

And yet, the examiner says the invasion by the federal marshalls had been planned for two weeks in advance, at east.



For many Native Americans, the event completely changed the direction of their lives. Toni who is twenty-one talked of how she was affected:

"I lived with people all over, like relatives, because my Dad didn't want us to live on the reservation. There's a saying—he didn't want me to grow up like the other reservation girls; be married by the time you are 15, pregnant at sixteen, have 5 or 6 kids by the time you are 21, and be on welfare with your husband gone."

"I went to the University of Illinois and majored in education. But when the Alcatraz takeover happened, we sort of pooled our money and came out. I was really proud and happy."

"My father's been dead for five years now. But like my Mother told my sister, 'Sometimes what Toni does is a little unusual. But whatever she does is alright, because she has her reasons.'"

Many Indians came to Alcatraz because they were homeless and the Island offered the possibility of building a better life for them and their children. Here was an opportunity to determine their own existence among their own people.

It was in this way that Justine, who now manages finances for the Indians of All Tribes' organization, moved to Alcatraz.

"At the time they had the invasion, I was living in

Oakland. I had been waiting for federal housing for two years and I was supposed to be in San Francisco by twelve o'clock one day to get a home. Somebody moved me and we got there by 1:30. They told me they had already let it to somebody else so we had no place to go.

I decided to go over to Alcatraz and see what is was like. It was really scary. I'd never been on a boat before. When I got there, it was too cold. I wanted to go back. But, after a few days I like it and went back to get my children.

Anyway, to us its home. All my children and I got now is what's on our backs."

The Alcatraz Indians had planned to build a cultural center and a university on the Island. The center was to be flexible in keeping with the needs of the Indian People.

For generations, Native Americans have been deprived of knowledge and pride in their heritage. The people have been imbued with a defeatist attitude and are consciously taught to hate themselves. This is in accord with the policy laid out by the white "educationist" John Wesley Powell: "It is unnecessary to mention the power which school would

have seen your beauty ian has"

— Redbone



have over the rising generation of Indians. Next to teaching them work, the most important thing is to teach them the English language. Into their own language there is woven so much mythology and sorcery that a new one is needed in order to aid them in advancing beyond their baneful superstitions."

The education of most Indian children is controlled by the notorious Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington D.C. The children are taken away from their parents and sent to boarding schools in other parts of the country. There, they are systematically channeled into meaningless work which continues their own exploitation.

Toni describes her experience at one of the B.I.A. schools in South Dakota.

"I was there about two years and I kept running away. They cut my hair real short like a boy's. Part of the day we went to classes and the second part of the day we had vocational training. The boys had mechanics and the girls had cooking and sewing."

As John Holloran says, "They almost annihilated the Indian race, and they've done nothing for them. They said they set up these B.I.A.

schools and when we graduate, we graduate with a 7th grade education."

The Alcatraz Indians are determined not to allow the federal government to continue molding their children. Justine explains that, "As far as my children's education in the public school system goes, I don't want them there. I figure the best education they can have is learning about their heritage. The only thing that counts is that they be happy and they won't be happy until they see their own people happy."

THE ALCATRAZ THREE

It is 11:30 Friday morning June 11th. Three brothers from the Island of Alcatraz, John Holloran, Raymond Cox, and Frank Robins, have just accepted a personal check from a metal company near fisherman's wharf. They've dealt with this company in the past. The money is always needed for food, gas, transportation, and most immediately, the money must go to pay for the repair of the two generators which supply electricity for those living on the island.

Since April of 1970, the government had known that copper from Alcatraz was being sold to buy supplies needed by the people to survive. The Indians have never hidden this fact since they know their history. As John Trudell says, "When the

Europeans came to this country, they claimed it and ripped off the natural resources. Why is it alright when they do it and a crime when we do it?"

THE LIGHTHOUSE LIE

When the government removed Indians from Alcatraz, they realized that they had to justify their action in terms that would satisfy the general public. In this case they did not have their story straight. Their lies were blatant, and the contradictions blaring.

Among these is the lighthouse lie. The contention that it was necessary to remove the Indians to restore the lighthouse on the island could be funny.

This is not the case. As John Holloran, puts it; "They were the ones that shut off the electricity for the lighthouse. We had it going ourselves for a while but it was too expensive. We had planned to start it again as soon as we could afford to. To me that's a great symbol - that beacon up there."

The government initiated the negotiations with the Indians about Alcatraz. They were willing to let the Indians stay on the island but only under their conditions so that they could save face. (sound familiar?)

The government benevolently proposed to allow the Indians to lease the land and offered a possible \$250,000 for construction work on the island. Of course, any building, setting up of schools, and the like would have to meet their approval. And the Indians wouldn't mind if part of the rock was a little amusement park, maybe with a "trading post" (naturally the Indians could have a percent of the profits), with tourist boats coming out every hour or so, would they?

The Indians do not want money but the right to determine the destiny of their community. John Trudell explains, "it doesn't matter what the sum of money is because these programs don't aid the Indians. Half the money gets lost in red tape anyway." Indians of All Tribes want what is rightfully theirs—outright ownership of Alcatraz.

There had been no move on the part of the government or the Indians to end negotiations when the Indians were forced to leave the island. The government violated its word. They had promised that no action would be taken against anyone on the island while negotiations were going on.

THE BIG PRESS

The straight press, jerry carroll of the s.f. chronicle in particular, has been doing its best to discredit the Indians. This is most evident in carroll's article describing the government sponsored "tour that was more like an autopsy." The regional chief of the general services administration, thomas hannon, brought the newsmen to Alcatraz a few days after the Indians were forced off. There they found "an unrelieved vista of squalor, filth, systematic pilfering and mindless destruction."

By keeping the attention of the press focused on "how dirty and destructive those Indians are", the mass media is detracting from the real issue. It conceals what the general service administration and the white man have done to the Indian people.

For anyone who may find themselves slipping into accepting these lies, here are some facts. First of all, before the Indians even set foot on Alcatraz, it had fallen into incredible disrepair. The remnants of the penile establishment had been left to rot. The factory set up for the prisoners to do "rehabilitative work still contained machines, nuts, bolts, etc. rusted beyond use. The government was not particularly interested in cleaning up its own mess nor was it concerned with salvaging and caring for equipment bought with taxpayer's money. Vehicles had been abandoned rather than moved. As it was, it would have cost thousands of dollars to repair the damage.

The sensationalist reports on the conditions of Alcatraz are designed to shock the readers of straight papers. But, Indians have been forced to live in squalor since the Europeans claimed this land. As John Trudell says, "take the newsmen to all the poverty pockets throughout the country. Conditions are the same in poor areas and ghettos." An Indian woman commented, "I'd like to see all those middle-class amerikans live under the conditions we did, see how long they'd last."

Apparently, the federal marshalls did not think that the appearance of the Island as they found it would sufficiently appall the press. It seems that they decided to do some handiwork of their own. They totally trashed and looted the homes of the Indians they had raided. An Indian brother, named Rick, described the scene. "They took two of us back there to pick up our belongings and the place had been ransacked.

The marshalls took skins and jewelry of ours like it was bounty."

In fact, the coast guard underground reports that federal marshalls spent the week-end gleefully batting baseballs through the windows and doing other fun things to wreck the buildings on the Island. Now, who are the mindless ones?

A NEW BEGINNING 'THE NIKE MISSILE BASE

Everything that happens from here on is the result of the government's betrayal.

Donald Jelinek, Attorney for the Indians.

The move was brilliant, instantaneous, catching the pigs completely off-guard. They were busy securing Alcatraz with their killer dogs and electric fences to be sure they had down the Indians once and for all. Yet within less than two days of their forced eviction from the Island, the Indians had mobilized and seized the Nike Missile Base, a great victory for the people. It began late Sunday evening with a call from a woman to the Indian Center. She informed the Indians about the long abandoned Nike Missile Base beyond Tilden Park. After a discussion of the possible dangers in doing such an action, all were still interested and ready. A convoy of nine cars set out at 1:30 a.m.

When the Indians first arrived, the armed rent-a-cops guarding the land laughed with disbelief and told them to leave. The Indian responded; "You better call your government because we are not leaving." By 4:30 a.m. the Nike Missile Base was liberated territory!

The former Nike Missile Base is located on Wild Cat Creek Road between Tilden Park and the Contra Costa Reservoir. It is a large stretch of beautiful, hilly land. The Indians are staying at the peak where there are some empty houses.

In explaining the merits of the site, John Trudell points out; "This area suited our purpose, it's a good land base and its been totally abandoned. We don't want to kick anyone out of their house just like we don't like to be kicked out of ours. The houses look pretty sound. It's some of the best housing we have ever had. Also, its not any more of a hardship to haul food and water up here than it was on Alcatraz."

At present the Indians are settling in as best they can. It is exciting to see the barren cupboards in the kitchens fill up as more supplies are brought. More and more there

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...Alcatraz

Continued from page 5

is a feeling that the houses are coming alive as people move in. When a reporter asked John Trudell if the Indians were "freaked out" by the "temporariness" of the situation, he replied that "Alcatraz was 19 months of temporariness, Indians are used to temporariness. We are always permanently nowhere and temporarily somewhere."

Armed park rangers are guarding the entrance to the area. On Monday and Tuesday, they were letting cars in that were driven by people from the press. On Wednesday they started keeping vehicles out because of the "fire hazard". However, it is still possible to drive up to the entrance of the base and walk up. John Trudell hopes that people who wish to show support for the Indians will help in forming a liberation supply line".

The Indians are aware that the federal government is trying to pass the responsibility for removing time onto local officials. This would obscure the issue because the federal government would not have to deal with the question of whether or not the Indians have legal jurisdiction over unused federal land.

The government has found a loophole in the fact that they lease the land from Contra Costa County. The buildings on the property are supposedly under the jurisdiction of the general services administration and the rent-a-cops guarding the area are paid by the presidio army base.

When asked about the future, John Trudell says, "We are gonna keep plugging away until we have freedom

and control of our lives. We are looking for an honorable government. We would be happy if all of a sudden the Amerikan way would turn into a way of honor."

PIGS RAID BASE

As we were about to begin laying out this article, we heard the d.j. on the radio ominously say, "Army trucks are moving across the Richmond Bridge. It looks like they are going to the Nike Base."

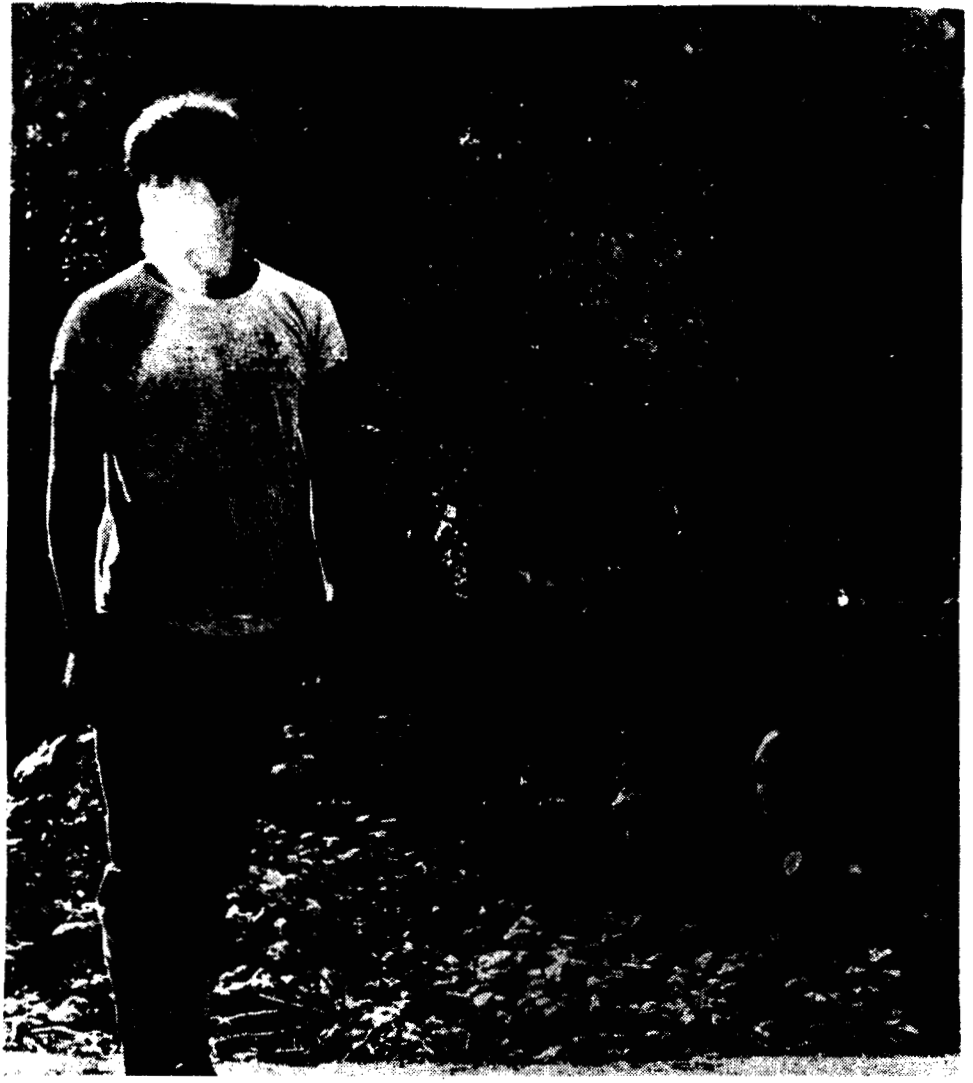
Four of us immediately split for the base. One sister broke into tears.

No one reached the base in time to warn the Indians. Every one was asleep, exhausted from the events of the past 5 days. They were trapped.

The pigs arrived with their usual show of force. Contra Costa county was represented by 14 cars, 6 station wagons (each equipped with a killer german shepherd), 2 buses, and one van. The park rangers had 11 cars and 1 jeep. There were 5 or 6 unmarked cars including a car with four plain clothes straight women - license no. YPL033. There was one east bay water co. car and a large black van from Richmond. There were several Army trucks packed with M.P.'s.

When we finally reached the outskirts of the site where the Indians were staying (after hiking 3 miles cross-country to avoid the pigs that were letting no one enter the area), it was over. We hitched a ride down with a caravan of cars filled with Indians leaving the area. The people were very tired and depressed and we did not feel like pressing them to go into details about what happened.

From what we have been



able to gather, the colonel of the presidio army base told the people to leave. He asked if they understood English. Then the richmond sheriff said that he was instructed by the Army to remove the people.

20 Indians were arrested for refusing to leave, 15 men and 5 women (these figures are approximations). John Trudell was arrested. One sister who was being driven out of the base in a paddy wagon yelled, "Don't let them stop you." to her people outside.

I forgot to say that we first

heard the announcement on K.S.A.N. at 4:00 a.m. By 8:00 a.m., the Army and the Richmond pigs had completed their vicious mission.

At the time of this writing, 11:30 a.m., those Indians that were arrested had been released and were at the Indian Center on 225 Valencia St. in San Francisco.

All supplies that people brought up this past week are still on the base. The Indian people have been living under incredible hardship and each pig attack leaves them a little tougher and a lot more angry. But at this point they are

materially destitute. Whatever was not lost on Alcatraz, was lost at the Nike Missile Base.

On the news, just now, they had a tape of the Richmond Sheriff saying that the Army is going to occupy the Nike Site.

The Indians have been attacked by the government twice in the last two days. It is up to us all to make the next move.

The struggle of the Indians is the struggle of ALL PEOPLE. ALL POWER TO THE INDIANS OF ALL TRIBES! VENCEREMOS!

...The Great Tenure Hassle continued

Continued from page 3

involved in. Such expectations would be made on the kid by his parents directly, and would necessitate the parents' closer involvement in the totality of their kid's school life. If the kid chose not to follow his parents' wishes in school, then the parents would receive counselling by educators, while the responsibility for enforcing expectations would remain with them (the parents).

The objective here would be not to frustrate parents, but to "educate" them about how to make realistic expectations of their kids. They would have to "learn" that ordinary parental concern, if it is realistic, would be sufficient in a non-compulsory education atmosphere to encourage rather than force their children to make the most of themselves. As the system stands now, parents seem to regard school as simply an acceptable ritual designed to show their kid how to read and add. Teachers are on the other end of the double-bind, offering minimal communication about what's really happening in their

classrooms because they know the parents are not familiar enough with how a school is now required to work, and because they would probably be disturbed to learn of the general ineffectiveness that is the essence of the present ritual (and the teachers know that the parents would take out their disturbed feelings on the teachers personally, not understanding the degree to which we are pawns in the larger system.)

And so it will remain, as far as I can see, until teachers demand what changes are required for education to be a real thing. And since the first step in the course of demanding would be to expose ourselves and our ignorance of what is actually being accomplished in our classrooms, it's likely that teachers themselves will not be changing much. And this constitutes the second important crux of the problem of public education, namely, the quality of the teachers.

In our own staff of 17, I see 3 people whom I think might continue to teach even if they

were freed from the economic necessity (that is, three people who regard teaching as a personal art to which they are positively committed). All the rest are teacher-workers who have a vested interest in allowing teaching to remain work.

Which sounds gloomy and makes the school, for all its hexagons, a sort of scholastic pulp mill....

McPHERSON LIBRARY SERVICE HOURS SUMMER SESSION HOURS JUNE 28th to AUGUST 13th

8:00 a.m. - 11:00 p.m.	Monday to Thursday
8:00 a.m. - 9:00 p.m.	Friday
9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.	Saturday
	Closed Sunday

They said this about that

"The following statement...has been approved in principle by the Faculty Association and the Board of Governors. It is not to be regarded as a statement of unalterable policy but as a guide for University procedures and action."
Preamble to the Tenure Document.

"Rumors damage a university; facts can speak for themselves." Bruce Partridge, Jan. 19, 1971.

"We (the board of governors) hired a man to do a specific job, and one point was to see we got value for our money from both the faculty and the plant. I feel he (Partridge) has done that job well."
Willard E. Ireland, board chairman, March 27, 1971.

"We have not done as good a job as we should have in telling the students the university's position."
Bruce Partridge, March 27, 1971

"This board doesn't settle anything; it's just advisory."
Colin McLaurin, chairman of advisory panel, June 14, '71.

"This university was in a mess and Partridge has done a good job in cleaning up some of that mess."
Justin Harbord, March 27, 1971

Three dead in Police shoot-out

In a dawn raid last week on the Racquet Club's parking lot police apparently surprised a gathering of some 100 crows, and killed three before the flock dispersed.

Police, however, denied any connection with the incident, and when questioned one constable refused to make a statement to the press, saying "I don't know if that's classified information or not."

An Inspector Post, of the

Saanich Police, said that he'd investigated reports of the killings but said that no record of any such incident could be found. He noted that a report would have been filed by officers involved in such a shooting.

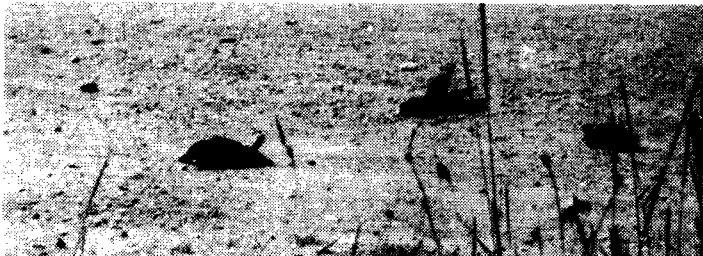
A resident in the area, however, said that she was awakened by gunfire at approximately 5:30 Wednesday morning (June 30th), and rose to see two Saanich police

officers returning to their patrol car. Later the bodies of three crows, apparently dead from gunfire, were discovered in the immediate area.

Inspector Post, though, said that to his knowledge no patrol car had been to the Racquet Club that morning. He said that crows had been shot in past, but none since last year, and he noted that they are not killed unless citizens complain about the birds.

He said that no complaints had been received by the department.

He added that crows were not on the "protected bird" list, indicating that had officers shot the birds they would have been within their rights in doing so.



The bra-less craze - 'physiology not morality'

Women's Liberation is crying out to burn the bra. The hip-chick is taking off her brassiere. The reasons are different, but the result is the same. The bra-less look is in. It is still too early to tell if it will effect Playtex stock but it is already causing a rise in the male libido.

The bra-less fashion seems to be confined to the younger girls. This is, according to one woman interviewed, because of physiology rather than morality or taste.

"A couple of kids and you sag like an elephant," she commented.

Another girl who was still wearing her bra said, "if you wear one from thirteen on, you never consider not wearing one."

The majority of the girls that I interviewed, seemed to

feel that it was alright to forget about a bra at home, even when entertaining friends but they would not go out on a date bra-less. They did not elaborate on their reasons, but several girls expressed concern that it would appear that they were out to be looked at.

Some have suggested it could be harmful to give up the support that a bra gives, and several doctors agreed that it could be, but only if you are over a size D cup.

Two married women questioned disagreed on the reactions they thought their husbands would have if they tried going bra-less. One woman said that she thought most husbands like to look at bra-less young girls but would not permit their wives to appear like that. The other, a

young newlywed said that when her husband is around she has a hard time getting a bra on.

A young lady, who was not wearing a bra said it was a matter of comfort.

She said, "once you've gone without one for awhile it is like getting into a straight jacket to have to put one on."

Although she has to wear one at work she revealed that the first thing she does when she gets home is to take 'the damn thing off'.

All the girls that were interviewed conceded that a girl with a good figure could look attractive without a bra but drew the line at girls with a tendency to 'bounce'. The men I interviewed were all against brassieres except for one little fellow in the library who blushed furiously and said that he rather liked them.

Review of Capote's "A Trilogy"

It is intriguing that anyone would ever read a movie review. Instead, they should see the movie. It is pointless to give the plot away - only the reactions can be written down. Without further ado, here is a typical pointless movie review - R.W.

Truman Capote's "Trilogy" is a fine human approach to the subject of old age. Three vital examples are given.

The first, "Miriam", was a strange trip backward and forward. Fearful and tense, it was meant to be what it was about. Meet people, hate them, want them to go away, get out of there, they're all screwed up.

The second is "Pathways to Eden".

In life we learn to separate

Our selves from our True Selves

God gives a room to each of us

And we sit upon the shelves.

We live we only grow up half

How often do we laugh?

The third is "A Christmas Memory"...and there we all were, around the Christmas tree. Little sister always passed the presents around to everyone and they opened each present separately. Each time a piece of tape or ribbon was broken, five hearts skipped a beat, five pulse rates rose in anticipation. (Five kids also wondered when one of their presents would be handed out next)...

All in all, "Trilogy" was a deep and human response to life. There's not much else to say.

by Richard Whitehouse

I didn't buy it honest

He tried to sell me sixty pounds of racing air.
"It'll get you places real quick, boy:
From downtown to uptown in seven seconds flat;
You'll have the fastest bike in town,
Put down all those other boys.
You're better than all the rest,
But you gotta fight,
And you need us,
'Cause you ain't nowhere now."

Well, I ain't going nowhere without my friends,
And I know how good his racing air is:
It's colour's no different from what I breath,
His just comes through a fancier mouth.
But I took some anyway,
It'll keep him happy,
Until he tries to cash my Bank of Kanada cheque
Signed by Rip Toff.

-prose and photo by Steve Izma, the chevron





A LOOK AT THE TRIBUNAL

Once more around the arena...

or a summer rerun



of that old time favorite "Click, Clickety-Click, Chop"

by David Dunsmuir

Graff, Goede, and Jain, now off the faculty payroll, are back in the Big Picture. But who watches summer reruns?

The administration is offering a sauced-up version of its spring flop, President Prometheus. As a pilot, it lacks character and any real suspense. God help us if it becomes a new fall series.

Once more around the arena, boys. Thrill while Prometheus -- forethinker, fire-bringer -- struggles against the foolscap bonds of the tenure document, ripped by clauses, powerless to hold high the torch of written reasons.

The plot is pre-strained spinach, and the hell with it. Those with any appetite digested the stuff for themselves long since.

Watch your step...

Besides, as I hadn't been asked for a review I took no notes during the performance. Others in the audience scribbled up a storm, though; more notes churned out of Elliott 168 in three days than the room produces in a whole term.)

Members of that earnest blue-ribbon panel of inquiry seem to have done their homework, so presumably even they found few dizzying surprises as they were led up the spiral staircase of decision. Mind the step! There's a nasty little turn there...

The view from the top was as murky as ever. In terms of procedures the coast is clear, and evrybody knows it, but "natural justice" is something else.

Perhaps this week the panel gets down to the something-else. Its lawyer, Duncan import David Williams, skittered away from the subject on the first day's hearing three weeks ago, after saying:

"The issue is not only whether natural justice was done in these cases but whether the tenure document is exclusive in deciding if natural justice has been done."

Then, back to procedures, starting the heads of the three departments involved, who kept things healthily subjective most of the time. On to

nightmare and her ninefold -- a foursome from the dean's advisory committee, three from the university review committee, a dithering dean, and a president.

Everything was by the book (but we knew that already). Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Thou shalt not be given reasons, and darkness shall remain upon the face of the deep. Click. Clickety-click. Chop.

that point may have been a little distracting.

On Friday the panel's lawyer found he was fresh out of witnesses -- on the tenure and promotion disputes, at least. The role played by the big bad Canadian Association of University Teachers will come later.

The people who might have questioned a few unexplained value-judgements -- the CAUT, the local faculty association, perhaps even the

human needs that the document was designed to satisfy. The steps may be legal; judged by their outcome, are they just?

At that, a few kinks in the equipment showed up.

One vote mushrooms

Goede had ambled through the clickety-click bit without being told that a single vote against him within his departmental committee had swelled to "serious reservations" by the time it reached the top.

Jain's research had been tromped by a still-anonymous "distinguished chemist" consulted by the administrator, -- and neither he nor his department head knew about it. (Jain said later that the same research has now been vetted for publication in an international journal.)

Both Goede and Jain seem to have thought the university review committee looked at the merits of their cases, not just at the procedures. The revelation that they were wrong startled many non-legalistic members of faculty who believed there was an all-campus court of last resort for academic appeals.

The Word

The tenure document, and by implication the whole concept of tenure, has been propped up as the boggy of the piece. A Promethean assessment of the "climate of opinion" in which the document was negotiated led to administration's picky-picky view that the Word is the end rather than the beginning.

If the exercise leads only to tinkering with wordage, the basic problem will remain. If a guide to honorable and acceptable methods continues to be brandished as an "exhaustive definition of obligation," a legalistic line can always be drawn by one party or the other. The faculty will become what they behold.

Meanwhile, two ex-members of faculty are left to make up their own reasons why they are looking for new jobs after five years here with good teaching records. A third is left with the knowledge that the decision-makers were not prepared to let him defend himself before them. I think that's unjust. I think that's unnatural.

A letter from Tikam Jain was read into the record yesterday, as the tribunal reconvened for the first time this week.

The letter, which was admitted only after some discussion - the three, Jain, Goede and Graff are officially boycotting the hearings - took issue with statements made

last week, at the hearings, concerning Jain.

After recording the correspondence the tribunal's chairman' Collin McLaurin, said that they would be "quite happy, even at this late date, to have either of these three gentlemen appear before us."

The hearings continue.

Reasons for not giving reasons

The reason given for not giving reasons was pretty strange. We knew that already, too, but it still drew the biggest yocks of the hearings so far.

Now the words of Prometheus. It is written:

"There has been a tendency on the part of some of our colleagues to take what seems to be an excessively legalistic approach to the application of the Tenure Document. For that reason, as President, I am constrained to adhere strictly to the exact terms of the Document, and must decline your request that you be informed of the nature of the Dean's recommendation and of the reasons for the decision."

Graff, who had these chains rattled at him 14 months ago, was not told how many colleagues were being "excessively legalistic," or why their views were relevant to his own case.

When the same old clank was heard in Elliott 168 last week, the panel might have asked for details. It didn't. Nor did it ask why excessive legalism should be met with more legalism, or why a "guide" should be used to prohibit sensible actions that it fails to mention. The volume of audience participation at

AMS -- have said they will boycott the proceedings because an inquiry set up solely by the administration is absurd, and its terms guarantee a lack of effect in any case. Their stance is morally justified (or so I believe), but if it's maintained they will lose an opportunity to regroove the battered parts of the record.

It's obvious who's being balled

A need for feedback is clear. One downtown editorialist, for example, wuffed about "the widely observed university tradition whereby reasons for an administration's refusal of promotion are not divulged." To the men refused?? That was where the hassle started, and where (with a little goodwill) it might have ended.

The panel chairman, a judge and ex-chancellor straight from central casting, has warned the audience that he isn't presiding over a ball game and has no patience for cheer-leaders. Through no fault of his, that's exactly what he is presiding over -- and it's obvious who is being balled.

Instead of trying to show that its actions and decisions were reasonable, the administration has shown that its procedures were sufficient.

They met the specific terms of the document, but not the